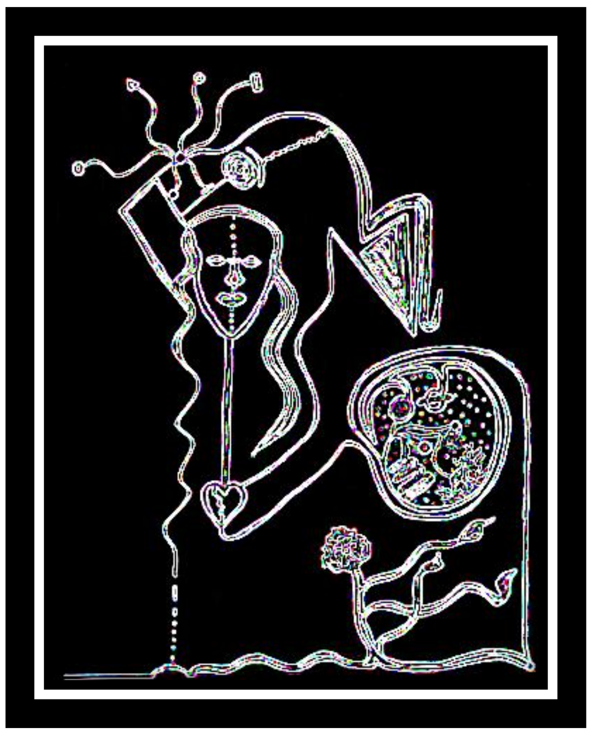
Mission Semiotics:



A Signifier of Hardmind Philosophy

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It all began about seven years ago but I've always been.

As a youngster I was told I had exceptional ability. One instance I remember was a story, "The Molasses Mouse", which won an award when pitted against my peers. And I'm often reminded of a story about a pair of sneakers that could make you fly. I was also a speller in bees and have loved words ever since.

Where this verbal path leads I don't know, for I haven't analyzed it and am rather new. But it starts here, with hopelessness. I've always wanted a piece where changes wouldn't have to be made to my past because they're not where the future leads. I've covered mystery, controversy and, on my part, convoluted and apperceived notions of self. They're a part of a creation process rather than a faultless, logical theory.

Mission Semiotics was a first step away from institutionalized, human thought and pattern. It's mostly feelings and was begun once I left my true home and began the search for a fictional final goal – an esoteric submission. While I'm uncertain about the larger places these beginning philosophical ideas have in thought-word as an end, parts return and some are forgotten later. All I can posit is the symbolism I began with was staunch, only to get stauncher, complex, and far beyond the categorization I cared to lay out in the contents as a precursor to finality. The trick to it all – I'm a medium and anthropod, and to understand means taking small steps through an arduous, fantastical, stratum of words.

<u>Neoteric Manumission</u>

Sending forth from the hand to free from slavery is where all journeys begin and is the starting point for a hardmind.

Revolution

Revolution. Avoidance of similarity, repression, destruction of civil liberty. Control must not be imperialized, authorized. Every man and woman has the capability of achieving power when the path traveled is unobstructed by oppression. We all see how it should be, suggest how it should be, feel the better. Structure must be retained in all civilized human groups, but individuals do not remain more powerful than others unless in terms of physical and mental individual advantage. Modern leaders control individuality by inheriting well-established boundaries divided into classification. Little is earned rather than inherited due to racial and class affiliation. In order to extinguish such affiliations, groups perceived as "lower" or "middle" must use organization to overcome the individual with historical support and convinced peers. Only a limited number is necessary, but they must also be convinced. Peacekeepers such as police, federal agents, and military will become involved. They have been "seduced" by the system and will follow order in order to retain comfort and stability, but have yet to be informed of the benefit of a universal and objective means of survival, meaning socialist and communistic goals and rewards for society. The ideologue of survival of the fittest, the most powerful is power, must be diminished in order to supply the whole of humanity with consistent and equal survival.

It is a loss of popular identity with equilibrium identity taking its place. Knowing what is essential to live simple, happy, and in touch with the biological life that surrounds us.

Salutation

Birth is the beginning. The beginning of breath, beats, and brain power. The end of independence. The death of free thought, not even a start. The beginning of a search for neoteric manumission. Modern freedom, a new search for truth set forth from the hand. A simple analogy can extend meaning to a theory of endless possibility. It may start with a scratch. A blemish and imperfection on a virtually untarnished surface. Seeing it for the first time, the scratch demands a second look, but not without questions following. How did it get there? Was this event an accident or etched purposefully? If it was no accident, who or what could have created it? Should I mend it, hide it and pretend it never existed or add to it and create more? The scratch will never be forgotten, and will be mended only so it may again reappear.

Free the undefined. The ultimate goal of so many, but so few understand, and yet know not it can exist because of the complex, dependent nature of the idea. Thus, the ultimate and possibly only freedom is death. A frontier of space and time prevented by fear and experienced by none who are free to speak of it. Free from the material pseudo-wealth of house, clothing, and image – those that exist only to satisfy a desire for comfort and belonging. Free from order used only to secure the materials of powers that attempt to exist harmoniously, extra-terrestrially, and micro-naturally. Free from feelings of pain, embarrassment, stress, envy, and happiness – emotions creating and causing mindful expeditions through social landscapes. Free from creation and the wishful thought of

Body space is all the known space relative to the physiological or natural aspects of your sense and core perception.

Perception is derived from perceive which in Latin is percipere 'seize, understand,' taken from per- 'entirely' and capere 'take'. Awareness, for example, arrived later in modern human history derived from Germanic origin ware, 'object of care', or the Scots ware 'cautiousness'.

Body space is sensed through physical receptions on the body and core perceptions created through mutual understanding or mutual information[1]. We just proved one point of mutual understanding. Now that we know our internal body space understands, we can together know our external body space. This may have been a good mental exercise to keep my core perception understanding my internal body space while not entirely controlled by sense.

Manumittance

He knew so I must:

nature

- substrate – 1 : a substance or layer which underlies something 2 : the base on which a plant or animal lives
- symbiotic – 1 : close coexistence and interaction of two different organisms, usually to the advantage of both 2 : mutually advantageous association
- phenomenology – the science of a phenomenon (fact or situation that is observed to exist or happen, esp, one whose cause is in question) as distinct from that of the nature of being
- ontology – branch of metaphysics dealing with the nature of being
- metaphysics – the branch of philosophy that deals with the first principles of things, including abstract concepts such as being, knowing, substance, cause, identity, time and space.

feeling

- idiosyncratic – 1 : the temperament or mental constitution peculiar to a person or group 2 : any personal peculiarity, mannerism, etc.

chaos

- entropy – n. lack of order or predictability; degree of disorder or randomness in the system

material

- dada – n. 20th century movement in art mocking social and political conventions, emphasizing the illogical and absurd
- surrealism – 20 century avant garde movement in art to release creative potential of the unconscious; irrational juxtaposition

spirit

- eschatology – part of theology concerned with death, judgment and final destiny of soul

humankind

- antinomian – Christians are released by grace from the obligation of observing the moral law; literally anti "opposite" nomos "law"

[1] See Buracas and Albright, 1999. Gauging sensory representations in the brain.

hermeneutic – a method or theory of interpretation; esp. Bible or literary texts
antimony – contradiction between two beliefs or conclusions that are in themselves reasonable; a paradox

Begin

Here is an idea about neomission. Maybe neomission and esomission are tools to select or choose who you are. They are similar to life and death, action/non-action. But the comparison does not include doctrine. Between them, as the “and” and “/” are nature, spirit, feeling, material and chaos. Nature is best understood as “us” – you and I. Spirit is me in body and mind. Feeling is when I am alone looking out. Material is my self, only cutting a slice to make it my own. Chaos is the you who cannot know _____ as a collection of experiences, connections, emotions, creations, and senses. Chaos is the point of meeting where everything big and small revolve back to the point where what is next can only be described as formless. We only can sense/perceive it is there. To get there we must do, be, have, and know an act of physical and mental integration out of randomness. Neoteric manumission is several ideas.

<u>Chaos</u>

Even point zero of freedom is unknown as a radically subjectified object.

The Struggling Genius

I want to tell you a story. It starts with my own confusion and contains most words people find hard to understand. My story begins at birth and ends when I reach this point. I guess I can say it is already ending but only beginning for you, the reader.

Today is the last day of the 2005 Thanksgiving weekend in New York City. It is Sunday and tomorrow is the beginning of another week, another drive to become something. All my life I have had a lingering feeling if I didn't complete a commitment I would be disappointing all the who love me. The words I mentioned above smother my sentences, leaving so much ambiguity about the way I actually feel.

"Focus, focus."

Focus is the one quality I don't possess. Mind floats around from place to place. Voices not only in my head, but from the other room interrupt a continuous thought. Sure, I love to feel potential oozing from my eyes and ears but the skin I'm wearing is making me hot, making me lose focus.

"Don't you want skin? Really, you don't have any sort of theme. It isn't a myth. It's really just about you."

But I know I'm interesting, or just as interesting and thoughtful as the next great. Some are historical fiction, some textbooks and myths, and some just feel complete. The last reason is why, though it has been done before. I have been on earth before, but I'm no reincarnation.

The skin is still making me hot. I'm going to take it off, put on a different kind and hope I pick up something more meaningful along the way. Be right back.

"Now you're skinless. How sexy!"

Yes, yes, I'm sexy, aren't I? The last few months have been the most difficult for me. I've pondered everything from god and time to opium and fish. I never know where it's going, never know what is coming next, and never really try to guess. The problem is things just seem to be getting more boring. I'm getting more boring.

Fortunately, trying to rely on everything that makes up who I am means little violence or horror. There will be no monsters, murder, or imaginary situations, though fiction is working itself out as some autobiographical sketch. Character will be what I know and as much as I know of it.

A light-hearted breath takes hold of me. I feel what I need to feel. I'm thinking, I'm inside myself and it is so comfortable. I free myself when I explore.

Solitude

How can I feel alone right now? I can't because of technology and digital airwaves. There is too much control on all communicative levels. It brings down the lonely. I want to cry with solitude. Being isolated is the only state we are supposed to belong to and pain while experiencing. We have developed personalities in order to cater to egoistic being. We MUST make ourselves happy. It is a matter of need and not of best interest for all. Need for one, for individual. Sullen is right but alone is still floating with so many others.

<u>Nature</u>

The first level of order resides in the false perception of life through differentiation.

Manipulation

I choose to be a strict body in the governing of how the CNS is controlled by the increasing manipulation of the brain. We must continue studying for the sake of knowledge and learning rather than the enhancement of performance. The contribution to continued growth of current life through breakthrough is vital when compared to using current disease for knowledge of making other lives destructible and efficient.

"We first fought the heathens in the name of religion, then communism, and now in the name of drugs and terrorism. Our excuses for global domination are constantly changing... "[2]

There is a day in which we all declare a vow of silence because there are no others that will understand what we think, what we know, what we assume to exist as. Is it worth the time of constant living to explain? How does science fail mother earth if it is a constant process and has never established itself as the answer to how life moves? Faith is important, spirit is vital, and these can never be explained through definition.

Hierarchy

There are so many moments when I need to choose to change, to make a difference or affect a life. I need to make them aware of what they are missing, of what they choose to not be a part of. I suppose it is myself I become disappointed in, rather than the lives around me. It becomes a struggle within myself to become a complete colleague of nature, of mother nature. It is a struggle to convince others of our very limited placement in phylogenetic history which contributes to our nurture as living. We are a simple combination of animal and physical law, another object of matter, more a feature than an environmental scene described. Before we concern ourselves with power we need to inform others of the power of physical law and how it governs our lives rather than letting the individuals who feel superior above us do it. We all need to be reminded of how equal we are as physical specimens, capable of physically competing with every other culture – militarily, lawfully, or politically oppositional. It must be reminded to the caring and neutral of the mass, amount is greater than the limit of power. Several "unhappy", or poor, make one unity strong and influential. A group of biased politicians cannot control a mass of tearful emotional lemmings with issues damaging their existence in a common world.

Passion assumes to be more unexplainable than constant emotion. When it drives you to change life, it can be an immense change, consequential in its action. Desire for more is invading of normal, for those who have a realization of nature and life on all biological levels. Everyone doesn't understand the way everyone else thinks. There are so many misunderstandings and not any one way to explain how it should be.

[2] I found it on the CD jacket of a band called System of a Down.

Ongoing

How long is ongoing? And what it ongoing? Life? Pain? Each breath that will deliver us to our final glimpse of the universe in which chance and coincidence allowed us to live as energy in an organismic form? Is the universe our "god"? The universe as a whole seems to guide the action of all energy lying within its boundaries, which are the boundaries of the infinitesimal. Rather than imagining a creator magnitudes greater is size and presence, it is the minute particles that create and destroy each other, causing a chain interaction spanning all physical entities to the outermost layers of space and time's beginnings. We stay in the trajectory of this path, but once lost, the particles again become random, soon to be attracted by universally physical forces to the strongest attractor. The ability to retain "thought" is lost, or gained in another form of matter but completely different from historical presence. The odds of the same composition of matter in particles and energy forming the same or a similar patterned combination are beyond the possibility of the space and time available to one very limited planet in a mass of stars and galaxies. It is possible to live forever if we did not create their own death by succumbing to life’s excesses, not optimal for continuous living. There comes point at which the body, made of calcium, protein, and blood (and a conundrum of smaller chemical composites), cannot retain the energy stored within it. One portion of the body outlasts and overdrives the other portions. This is where nature, the universe of matter, and our "perfection" failed. They are the terms dealt with on an emotion level, far down the list of necessary particulars our matter is concerned to deal with.

Trees

What if trees could talk? What would they say? I guess it all depends on where they reside, just like us. But can we assume their needs are the same as ours. Would one tree say "oh, you should see where I am rooted, Madison and 51st!" Or another tree saying, "I have such a great plot right in front of the Orpheum on 3rd". Maybe the one on the corner of 72nd and 3rd would say, "how lonely I am, no one near, and no shade at anytime of the day. I like sun, but not an overdose". I wonder.

Is conversation their only means of activity? Through day and night they are kept in the same place, no movement, not excursion, just the environment they see or feel. In the courtyard at 425 E. 25th St. they insist on ogling the teenage and college students of Hunter College. How lucky they are to have such natural human beauty. But the temptation to penetrate such minds is useless. For what would a human female of such stature have to do with a tree?

”Hardly do they come over just to feel my bark. They just don't know what nature concerns. And I wave at them with my 10,000 leaves. Tell me there is a human male who has so many fingers to caress such a beautiful body.

No, all I receive is the piss of sad little canines that cannot reach more than a meter high. My sensation doesn't begin there. I need a twentysomething female to climb my branches, if you know what I mean. She just needs to rub her warmth on me. I am cold. And then the snow comes and all the leaves fall off. A skinny little twerp. It is sad, yes, but spring comes and I am ripe again, ready to bud.

I am the tree on 10th St. and 3rd Ave. NYU is a haven for ignorant vagina. Whoops, am I not supposed to use such terminology, sorry. Ok, there are attractive, special, women

<u>Material</u>

Once a location is discovered within order a label is placed upon what was once unknown.

Activism

Slavery, equal voting rights, feminism, class discrimination, de-forestation. These, among the other numerous causes an activist may relate to are only the tip of a very large, slowly diminishing iceberg. It can said activism has not the energy it once had in the United States, but the separation of parties still exists in one form or the other and it undoubtedly exists within the states of our union.

Activism is the "policy or action of using vigorous campaigning to bring about political or social change". The key term within this definition is "vigorous". Many want change, like change, and many more would like change to affect their political or social lives in order to make it better. Unfortunately many will not act with vigor, will not push for change, and will not drive themselves to start the change.

What constitutes vigorous campaigning and why do we need it? Throughout the history of modern civilization the development and progression of social groups was brought on by passionate and patriotic devotion to a cause. Change occurred because like-minded and spirited masses gathered, not fearing death, only inequality. The individual purpose of our greatest lives has been to make everyone equal, accounted for, and respected. The power is trying persuaded is none other than brother or sister. Yet the campaign is still held down, looked upon as deviant, that is, unless the numbers overpower the few.

But today's struggle cannot be changed with just numbers, it must be changed with ideas.

So many of those at the top of every scale believe blindly in a god, in a higher power which has helped them achieve the status they embrace. Yet, they live by the rules they continually abolish. There is no room for evolution in their minds, but they use survival of the fittest as the creed, or excuse, for why they admittedly do not respect those of lower classes.

Define

It might seem silly to give definition but a frame of reference is always useful even if not agreed upon or understood by all. The frame of this reference is within concepts that have fallen prey to the normality of minute venture:

cognition (-ive) – n. the mental action or process of acquiring knowledge and understanding through thought, experience and the senses.
a result of this; a perception, sensation, notion or intuition.
origin late middle english: from latin cognito(n-), from cognoscere ‘get to know’

religion – n. the belief in and worship of a superhuman controlling power, esp. a personal God or gods: ideas about the relationship between science and religion.

details or belief as taught or discussed: when the school first opened they taught only religion, Italian, and mathematics.
origin middle English (originally in the sense 'life under monastic vows': from old French, or from latin religio(n-) 'obligation, bond, reverence,' perhaps based on latin religare 'to bind'.

spirit (-uality) – n. 1 the nonphysical part of person that is the seat of emotions and character; the soul: we seek a harmony between body and spirit.
such a part regarded as a person's true self and as capable of surviving physical death or separation.
archaic a highly refined substance or fluid thought to govern vital phenomena.
origin middle english: from anglo-norman french, from latin spiritus 'breath, spirit,' from spirare 'breathe.'

time – n. 1 the indefinite continued progress of existence and events in the past, present, and future regarded as a whole: travel through space and time / one of the greatest wits of all time.
origin old english tima, of germanic origin; related to tide , which it superseded in temporal senses. The earliest of the current verb senses (dating back from late middle english) is 'do (something) at a particular moment.'

space – n. 1 a continuous area or expanse that is free, available, or unoccupied: a table took up much of the space / we shall all be living together in a small space.
the physical universe beyond the earth's atmosphere.
the near-vacuum extending between the planets and stars, containing small amounts of gas and dust.
mathematics a mathematical concept generally regarded as a set of points having some specified structure.
origin middle english: shortening of old french espace, from latin spatium. Current verb senses date from the late 17th cent.

existence – n. the fact or state of living or having objective reality: the plane was the oldest boeing remaining in existence / the need to acknowledge the existence of a problem.
continued survival
a way of living
any of a person's supposed current , future or past lives on this earth
archaic a being or entity
all that exists
origin late middle english: from old french, or late latin existentia, from latin existere 'come into being,' from ex- 'out' + sistere 'take a stand.'

Election

This is the election of life. The next four years will be the true turning point from child to adult, from pupil to teacher. Living in a country that has sloped downhill the last four years and thus developed the mentality of present, the next four years will attract life

is it ever turned toward the summation of all aspects of nature and nurture. While we are all aware of each factor, there is little to change any of influence. The most vital understanding must include the redemption of the individual, for they are only trying to uncover the truth that lies in their growth as a human and cannot blame them for anything other than allowing the extrinsic influence to alter their behavior. If this influence grows to a level out of control, the root of singular evolution begins an easily adapted persona controlling each and all realistic characteristics of ever-changing life, from physical organism to self. While this is a task incorporating much practice and conscious behavior, over variable amounts of time it is possible to prevent oneself from performing certain tasks not conducive to suggestive survival as most optimum in an oppressive world of self. A human has to remember the basic physiological goal is reproduction and all else exists as production perpetuating a dilemma to death.

I don't assume to know what is intelligent and what will offer truth. I know because I'm made to and the "walk" will become much more difficult if I step onto the "Keep off the Grass" lawn. No one wants to lose even though they don't know what might be lost. They feel as if it their responsibility not to lose. It is never theirs to lose in the first place. There are so many times I feel out of this little bubble, the boundary of intellectual acceptance. There seems to exist a circle of knowledge with those who feel they have done work: worked harder and made more detailed observances of life and nature. It's assumed everyone follows. Sure, there are several driven, intelligent, guided and introspective minds trying to make a living by pretending they have a definite answer to the ailments of human nature, but it isn't true. I know less of the progressive knowledge that infiltrates our academic system, but I know variability and keep mind open to systems. Can anyone say one answer, one finding, or one result is any better than another? Reproduction is the staple but coincidence plays an effect in a universe of odds. When do I let go and see where I can go. It is slowly building, slowly becoming the "right time", but not soon enough. Eventual is always a solid answer to any question of time. Articulation is not an answer to those who have lived through hard work and necessity.

The one issue generating much debate is culture and extreme variations that exist from one to the next. No one is the same and this is only the first problem. The human genome has been mapped, but only in quantitative value not qualitative substance. Determination of happy and sad or Alzheimer's disease from cancer or male- and female-specific personality differences is unknown. It sounds like a major achievement to decode the nucleotide bases of human, and there are so many other factors involved in the contraction and survival of bacteria and viruses in our body beyond micro-causes. The extrinsic environment will only contribute and degrade these findings. Therapy and medication is an extrinsically administered medication with intrinsic implications based on microbiological evidence. Those who study a micro level can never consider the larger scope and those that study the larger scope – societal, cultural, and phylogenetic evidence – will never be able to complete the conglomerate for a conclusive solution. Due to so many phenotypic differences contributed to by factors such as nutrition, exercise, sensory input, and absolute denial from several types of humans, the solution becomes a more difficult task that changes as time and civilization changes. Methods become more technical and minute, not better than methods which existed throughout the historical description of scientific disciplines such as biology, psychology, chemistry, physics, and engineering. Our specializations become more selective and careless explanations become major focuses of

study simply because they offer time consumption. Everything becomes useful even though a hierarchy has formed in theory, with several explanations more concretely established than others. Academia becomes a matter of acute or chronic, short- or long-term "satisfaction", though arousing necessity sounds like the proper classification for the culture undertow of work.

Musical Science

Real fans are those who sit at home, listening to the masterpiece, not able to attend the concert because the music is the only part of art that matters. Some believe in music as a guide, and the artists believe music is a public spectacle charged at a cost not concerned with purity, only ego and healthy living. Nothing is wrong with that but don't expect your true fans, the ones who come for the moment absent of the history and the philosophy of your mind, to attend. We all live with remorse.

There is an issue about musical science has ruined or at least failed the modern earth. Science has not been allowed to test music's pure, truthful reasoning on earth because of political regulation and religious zealotry. The objective empiricism science offers is beyond levels of religion, policy, and hope. Music is constant and consistent and managed to create progressive, modern assets of great wealth to several types of individuals such as record sales for bands who intimidate and pretend they go unsupported by such means. They need to retain avant gardeism and criticisms of systems while remaining open-minded to their own support. I know of no other area of concentration or study that has developed such wonderful invention and theory and been so ultimately suppressed because of its necessity for never-ending knowledge. If the earth became controlled by ill-mannered, pacifist thinkers, the world may develop into a near utopia. But in its place we have policy, power, greed and Empire. We are all forcibly conceded to such blasphemous infidelity of true human progression. But do I speak of music or science?

Sometimes in time and space a frequency of relative tone speaks to your heart and says everything needed on behalf of your soul. What does this mean? In the now at this point in spatial environment, the individual site on a continuous and infinite line as each moment arrives and passes traveling down a line and only relying on memory for the moment, has just finished. Tones of every frequency and amplitude, pitch and loudness are joined together in beautiful harmonies as a conglomerate of sine waves creating meaning in life, speaking in familiar context and lexicon, evoking emotion and truth about an individual's awareness of themselves, and enveloping the world enveloping them. All life operates in systems and each of these systems operates as one larger machine, but a self-serving, conscious machine with needs in forms of energy on micro and macro levels, and continuously striving to attain balance in a willed mindfuck of ideology, selflessness, and condescension. Each system necessitates one individual based in a series of matter-driven arrangements, controlled by inertial forces drawing all energy toward the center, but not the end, only another beginning of an exuberant orchestrated ensemble.

Imaginary Numbers

I feel the darkness, the depth of hopelessness, the absence of life, and only the progression of negative. Many choose to belief in existence by forming a façade of confidence about them, but the world evolves at a pace beyond individual recognition. By

up days and nights, meals and views. How do you stop a life not your own? A life larger than any amount of time you have ever experienced? That is the answer sought even when no questioned is asked.

Feeling

The cycle of reiteration comes when all signs are mistaken for an unknown being.

youDarling

I don’t want to reason, I want to feel. I want to listen and not know how. I want to think and not know why. I feel it is in the sounds I hear and the steps vibrating at my feet. In the warm touch of flesh on my ear which is simply a breast. There is no reason, but the breast and I know.

Life begins right now
But it began so many times before.
And it began with you.
All days, it begins with you, ends with you, and breathes with you.
Dreaming day, night, twilight, sunrise of you, handled with a flame's desire to burn
I listen to February stars, thinking of January lights, guiding love's trajectory to soul
Ending not as near a tick of a watch.
Beginning again, even in a poem dedicated to the idea of never-ending
Whispers in my ear may not always be babe, be darling, but they are love.
Numerous reasons to never forget a season to live purity
From song to word to action to forever, a commitment
An end always seems possible but extends into forever
Love, woman, man, you end in forever, not now nor ever.

When so much satisfaction and perfection exists in a relationship, it is about ideal love. I’ve never been more creative with emotion and passion than with you. It appeared to be simple with others because I was never satisfied at the same level. Everything else lacked my satisfaction – not to give but of receiving – until you. The only word that must be remembered when it comes to our relationship and my feeling is YOU. I cannot get enough. I hear you laugh and I laugh. I hear your voice and I tremble because my ears have not heard such beautiful tone before. I see your eyes looking at me and I know you see deeper than even me.

I scrape my toes across the floor to reach you, to touch the cohesive sweat of your skin. And this is the song I sang to you, wailing, whistling, and crying as I sang. And many followed with a drive of freedom and pursuit for a masculine identity. In order to prove my love for you, my absolute desire to be with you, I needed to exemplify man. I leapt into a fire of desire, swimming along a wave of passion of smooth touch and smell, overcoming space and time. And it was all in my dreams, an imagined reality.

While it all seems simple, it is never simple to control uncontrollable emotions that cause longing for touch, taste, sight, smell and sound. If we could keep everything easy then it would never be hard. And baby, what about me? Only love and you know. I sit in a chair and dance with my headphones on, waiting to dance with you. I pick out a song right now, a song only sexy enough for you to move to.

Let me make it simple. Talk has arisen about other men and women, about trust and mistrust, commitment and honesty. Those words, those phrases mean little when you come into my head. And you are always there. I cannot ever imagine being happier, more

often does this loss occur. What is the issue with humans? Are they lazy or bored? And does feeling either one make the ultimate goal happiness, when it might actually be change and discomfort? It creates a situation to be dealt with and acted upon and keeps tomorrow more profoundly on the horizon of what must be and how to get there. Happiness it being sure and the solutions arise in the uncertainty of aimlessness, for no cemented goal offers a definite smile.

<u>Spirit</u>

A relationship of uncertainty must be understood as communication with all unwanted symbolism.

Ipiphany

Here's a question for you, but not atypical just unexpected:

If you mix alcohol, meat, absinthe, marijuana, hashish and opium within one hour of each other and become social with mindful people, can a euphoric perception similar to this be experienced at any moment?

Let me tell you a story. He was in an eastern American city to make a presentation. The presentation went fine. One of his evenings was to be spent at a house he'd never been to before. He was fairly comfortable about the situation. I only say fairly because in the situation he was about to be placed there were few options for me. He conformed to several of the people attending the conference on a daily basis – personally and impersonally. Others would be new to him. Early on, a smaller group made their way to the house, stopping at various hotels to pick and drop things off and have a drink at the hotel bar. This group of people was familiar and his associations to them each had their own rich history. One person shared genes and philosophy, and another family and work. He knew the other two from academia, and a quarrel of physical violence after hedonism. We all shared a cab together.

The ride over was short, tight and audible. They argued about a man of spirit. He had spoken earlier in the day about integrating silence and nerves, the loud electrical discharge and the absence of all mechanical waves:

I listened to the Dalai Lama speak. He is one I will mention by name. This story won't be about him, but will include him. It reveals much about the situation/moment and about what unfolded during, before, and after.

Four areas of science is what he spoke about that interested me mildly. There was a bigger purpose to ensue. I was just unaware of what it would be. Cosmology, physics, neuroscience, and psychology were the areas he described. I'm actually not sure if it was said as "physics", but he said something to the effect of "small". Each area playing their scientific function in the world of one human being. Of course, that was only half of the story.

It was a self-actualized day, making me feel confident about my abilities and the abilities of people around me. I still have faint glimpses of it, searching for it as intently as possible. He spoke with many people and let them in at a more open level than ever before. At this time I'm weary of where I find myself in the frailties of their space, but know that life is fine. Now, understanding how I felt begins with how the word "fine" feels to you. These were the kind of decisions I was making the entire day and for once, he gave me something worth living for.

Bible

It can be declared that half of the bible is not truth, is not non-fiction, is not kosher, if you will. The story of Jesus the man, the ascended being, is fabricated, a story of faith in order to remain level with the idea of prophet and savior. Written text from 400 through 800 AD, several hundred years after his time, can only be perceived as fiction and is based

on four separate, consistent accounts.[3] Your next thought of your past history is fiction because it is no longer reality. It exists only as you remember it and whatever sensationalism you add to it. One fact that opposes the idea of Jesus are his siblings. Joseph and Mary must have had children because 33 years without another child is unimaginable. Plus, Jesus was assumed to be very independent and Mary could not possibly be without other children while he was away. Joseph must have had some sexual relationship with her because in historical eras marriage was based on fertility and the prospect of children. And why is it that he did not suppose infidelity? He was not present when Gabriel addressed Mary. It is hard to believe that a Jew was that forgiving in ancient times. Law of the Torah, The Ten Commandments and the Koran all elicit strict rules opposing infidelity. Even in today's society men do not represent a forgiving soul, and suggesting pregnancy as immaculate would be highly condemned and hardly believed. Could Jesus be a bastard, a child raised without his legitimate father present? It is a possibility. And what zealous believers exist to support such irrational historical fact? The present American population increased their religious book purchases by more than 39% from 2002. Anyone reading for enjoyment is reading about god. And no one knows a definite explanation about such a concept. It is only theory and suggestion yet so many blind followers choose a pop leader and writers with little articulation or talent, in which to enjoy their free time. How does an American relax when the only books available on the market are either political or religious? What about leisure and enjoyment? What about reading about subjects that you never thought about or weren't smothered with everyday? What about a vacation and meditation without the stress of your eyes on fine print? God will be around tomorrow, and to remind you, God will be around after you are long gone, probably concerned with whoever is still living rather than the dead. Do you really think that God has time to be concerned with all the dead infinitely? Those that have died are too numerous compared to the constant living. God is a power even beyond the greater powers of our consciousness and the universe. If there are human beings that choose to not follow creator ideology and still live healthy complete lives, then the scope of such vastness is beyond any single entity. Afterlife has not ever been proven or experienced by the living and should thus remain a concern only after life has ceased to exist for an individual. Spirit and faith must be lived through others, feeling the emotions, the ideas, and the love of others. An energy beyond recognition is absurd to follow or believe because it is blind faith and unrealistic to the so-called realistic.

Legos Design

If it was all choice, couldn't you shake a bag of Legos for the rest of you life?

Actually, you could not shake a bag of Legos for the rest of your life because it would interrupt tasks such as eating, sleeping, getting dressed, and working – all of which are behaviors you have to act upon. These actions are reality, dependent upon scientific and philosophical principles that have historically and naturally guided a human's ability to think about such things as intelligent design.

Begin by defining common sense but do not define it based on a dictionary definition, or on its root in language development. Do not define it using philosophical

[3] The suggestions of the dates 400 through 800 are due to the first occasions of biblical critique, though the gospels could have been written anywhere from 60 to 120 AD.

concepts either. Base your definition on subjective reasoning, on the knowledge only you possess within your brain put there by years of schooling and study. Tell me, how far did you get? It might sound something like what you have already said, "common sense is just that, it is common sense." What does this tell me, or you, about the concept of common sense? What does it say about the structure of the words "common" and "sense"? Again, what is common sense? Maybe it is something humans don't share equally.

Intelligent design is not a fact of life. It is an attempt to describe the creation of the universe as we know it by using one simple rule: the universe was created top-down (from the whole to its parts). Years of "truth-searching" is not only a scientific endeavor, but historically philosophical, if not psychological. Nearly 10 millennium ago thinkers were beginning to think up gods of the universe representing various physical and mental constructs of modern human life. Intelligent design is one minutiae of theoretical language attempting to describe ideas infinitely larger than itself. Any person is free to follow what they believe, but none of our beliefs are more than that. Inevitably after all the research, discovery, documentation and thoughts, the ultimate answer to our creation eludes us and is fathomless, and any "right" answer is entirely subject to faith.

Gargantuan

Shouldn't a religion teach morals based on modern values? School, learning, health, sharing, and objectiveness should all be part of religious doctrine. It will not have the history, martyrs, gods, or cultural tradition, but it will have modern progressive understanding of the needs and expectancies of humans. It must be able to instill realism and fear into the minds of its followers. And it will be for the purposes of self salvation, accepting all ideology about human nature. It will not take a religious or scientific stance, but will remain neutral to both physical and spiritual considerations.

"For those that control the central nervous system control society and the world."[4]

I feel stuck in a evolving black hole, nowhere left or right, east or west, north or south, just up and down. Surrounded by arguments of heaven or hell, or relatively, good and bad. Time travels on a curve, a curve of spacetime, of gravity in revolutions, but the curve will only come once cessation has ceased. Death remains an only outlet. I have choices leading to temporary accomplishment, but that is all that can be said. The appropriate terms have been used. Changes occur every seven years, and cannot wait. I'm afraid of what is next. Will it take me in the direction I strive for or not? Will I become blind or see through more through invisibility? The moments slowly traverse in the shadows and dark, the unexplained matter of our universe. Can I participate in such a trek? The length remains eternal and the losses are gargantuan – beyond belief! Does thinking about such things now necessitate a step of mind closer to real salvation? No such idea is beyond realization. Sometimes (such a meaningful word, why?) rhythm just flows through the pathways of mind. It carries a simple particle flow displacing air and creating meaning for our souls. Words can be heard, ideas can be felt, and feelings can be embraced. There cannot be an end to such thoughts or the path must again be found. But the dilemma is in finding such a path. As one proves to be correct, another takes shape to contend with the other. There is consistency in life, or in time, because it works on such an eternal scale. Ideas that provide utility in one context will continuously prove utility and meaning

[4] Another quote from that band System of a Down. He tended to depend.

Esoteric Submission

As symbols are replaced by disintegrated action, the mission begins again when an act of re-creation is observed simultaneously.

Days

1. 07/31/04

Begin. Today was another day. He began feeling a little less than optimal, due to the wine the night before, but still capable. He went to a laboratory to maintain us, indulged a bit, and started looking for interesting information on that superhighway. He was able to read on the way to the lab, walking to the station listening to RATM. He needed a taste of the defiant and ended up finding a world not exposed to me in some time. At work, he merely wrote, trying to finish an article for publication, occasionally scanning for more info in the digital realm. He fed the animals over the course of the day, discussed the arbitrary ideas of physics and ichthyology with them, and I listened. I'm now an auditory physioichthyologist.

2. 08/17/04

Absence is supposed to make the heart grow fonder, but does it make the mind more creative? It's been more than two weeks since the inception of the "journal" and writing is going lightly. Last night, while in bed after a minor miscommunication, a righteous thought infiltrated mind. What I thought about was the sheer obviousness of identifying how a person responds to another person, and in doing so easily assuming with great validity the causality and explanation of that action. I necessarily feel a moment has arrived in life where the great theory or purpose means much less than the description as it continually changes, most obviously in humans or any biological life form, for that matter. It is really about observance.

Today he made a presentation he had been selected to make for over a month. He was commissioned to discuss some of experimental work up until present. The discussion was to last 20 to 30 minutes, but instead lasted for an hour or more. It was a negative experience by any means, but it amounted to several constructive improvements. I realized I knew nothing about the topic of which he spoke. I'm uninformed and unretained of the information necessary to successfully explain a discipline. It isn't so much a disappointment as it is a desperate plea to attend myself more. My interest is increasingly growing, but the immediate purpose is not within sight. I'm creating a false purpose until he can find a real one.

My evening was absolutely wonderful. He spent it making dinner, eating dinner, reading and being most intimate with love. These are how all evenings and nights are supposed to be. The balance achieved by combining a productive mental day with a satisfying emotional day does not compare to most days. I only look forward to more days like this. The one issue I'm having is with myself. I find my humor touches on the hurtful and silly just one step too far. I need to compose myself even if it's not part of the nature in which I grew up. It must benefit me elsewhere, but will make my secure lifestyle much more tolerable to others. There is no sense in losing edge or sarcasm, but it must not include others it must include things. I will update myself about it soon as long as I follow through, or I may be having the same conversation with dictation once again.

3. 09/08/04

More and more time passes and little more of life becomes new. Time just passes, new thoughts are replaced with already-knowns.

4. 10/10/08

The influence may be frustration. It may just be now. But I feel as if I need to do something different, not usual. I'm trying to feel anything. Too much happiness has begun to numb me. It is the idea when you have it you want something else, and when it is gone, you need it. Maybe it is time to take the fall again. I think I have become too calm and safe as time has passed. I don't feel like taking steps, leaping from a cooling building. It must be burning, but the fire has to be ignited. Everything is moving so slowly and it is how I describe life now. Slow. This was not the Homer from before. It's time to make a move. It's time to reduce the cumbersome and generate the electricity again. Even the words that come from my mouth, from my mind smell of molding repeat. I don't want to make it easy to live with me, I want to be me. Too much acceptance, not enough go and flow. I want to be your monkey. The world is ever-changing but constant in its motion. Smooth is how to describe it. My smoothivity is fading with the false assumption age creates wisdom. Living creates wisdom. Tameness is sameness and having the monkey is like embracing the teddy. No need for such cold comfort. Focus has become futuristic - the artificial emotion of intelligence. If my realization life moves slowly is emergent, then time dragging its ass only lets me move up in place, performing the show stopper. But could the puppet show only entail the cutting of strings? Why, of course. Is there any other reason to consider anything else? No. Simply answering your own questions allows little confrontation. If you know, then why ask? And if you ask, why think anyone else's answer is better than yours? I won't. It is my answer, right? Yes. This may be a little unorthodox for entry, but it all comes full circle to my life, interpreted, providing insights in to the world of me, but only understanding as some personal philosophy pertaining to life, love, sex, work, motion and time. It's pretty simple.

An Unhealthy History

I stuff them in my mouth as if the consequences will not affect my health. I sip out of the glass as if the consequences will not ruin my health, physical and mental. And if I'm only speaking of air and water the results are the same. Life serves as a toxic reminder of the negativity surrounding the beauty of the human body. The toil and wear the body must accept in order to pass one day leads to illness and death, but at stages too early in time, increasing the accessibility of convenience.

Why is ethanol consumption only longing for nostalgia? Thoughts of past situations and people enter minds. Think about situations that once were and look for those situations again. Alcoholic effects must work heavily in the hippocampus, maybe CA1 and CA2, activating sites of long term memory. Want comfort of what has passed in time. Listen to music that reminds us of historical events. Start to love the feeling of past. Emotions include: nostalgia, love, memory, remorse, intensity.

Summation

I want to feel fear, confusion, and sorrow. It will begin with mind placed in comfort. A place where it can fall freely and stumble hopelessly. Now is not here but fleeting heat of

light an earth or destroys it as the superficial construction of hope and faith through matter.

Ever think the earth resembles a brain? Think about it for a minute. Both are surprisingly close to round. The earth contains many layers, the brain contains many layers. The deeper you go, the more complex the layers get. And when you finally think you get to the end, they both stop, or keep going, looking very similar. They even go through a very, very hot, bright and very unknown stage. Unknown to it and unknown to us, or only unknown to us from death. I don't get to die this time, I get to see the end of earth.